

# THE HOME JOURNAL.

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## The Demon of Speculation.

The foul demon of speculation keeps us all in a turmoil; society seethes and bubbles over with the excitement due to the constant race for riches; to the struggling pursuit of more wealth. This is common to all classes. Farmers and country dwellers are tempted to send their small savings to be swallowed up in the whirlpool of speculations in the cities, and in the vain hope of acquiring riches that have never existed, and which they can no more secure than they can grasp a shadow. The business man and the man who possesses already a snug competence hate to throw their property away in the same foolish manner to be swallowed up in the bottomless maw of speculation. And so the wrecked hopes and fortunes may be counted by the thousands, and crime, ignominy and wretchedness are present everywhere. In a large degree the evils of overliving, too, prevail, and men and families mourn for want of that which they have unwisely squandered and wasted in a way that brings no solid comfort to them.

There is no happiness in living beyond one's means. Those who have no debts, who pay as they go and make this their rule, are more careful and economical than those who buy on credit whatever they may desire or think they need. Buying on credit is our national bane, an evil which saps the foundations of our social comfort. It keeps a man in debt, increases his expenses, and his necessities grow, and tempt him to risk his property in vain efforts to extricate himself from pecuniary difficulties. It is quite easy to spend what we have not; but a man always thinks twice before he breaks upon a small accumulation which he already has, and will rather add to it than trench upon it. Therefore the habit of saving, once created, is a safeguard against careless spending and should be encouraged in every legitimate and proper way. There is an economy that is mean and stingy; but it is very easy to avoid this fault without falling into the opposite vice of extravagance, and to hit the happy mean of a sensible and wholesome economy.—*Rural New Yorker.*

## Bismarck.

About thirty-five years ago, when the German Chancellor was only plain Otto von Bismarck, a Pomeranian Squire and inspector of dykes, he went out one day sports-shooting with a friend, on some marshy land, into which his companion, a stout, heavy man, suddenly sank up to his arms-pits. Vainly struggling to extricate himself, the gentleman shouted for help, and seeing Herr Bismarck approach him very slowly and cautiously, apparently still looking out for the rising of some stray snipe, piteously appealed to him to leave the confounded snipe alone and pull him out of the abominable swamp into which he had sunk so deeply that his slime was almost in his mouth. "My dear friend," replied Bismarck, with the utmost calmness, "you will certainly never get out of that hole. Nobody can possibly save you. It would, however, pain me very much that you should suffer unnecessarily by slowly stifling in this vile swamp. I'll tell you what, my dear fellow, I'll save you the agony of suffocation by putting a charge of shot into your head. Thus will you die at once more swiftly and more respectably. "Are you and?" shrieked the other, struggling desperately to free himself. "I don't want either to be drowned or shot," he cried, "but in the name of three devils!" Deliberately leveling his loving-piece at his friend's head, Herr Bismarck rejoined, in a sorrowful tone: "Keep steady for a moment; it will soon be over. Farewell, dear friend! I will faithfully tell your wife all about it." Stimulated to superhuman effort by the eminent peril menacing him, the unlucky sportsman contrived to wriggle out of the mud on all fours, and when he had recovered his feet, broke out in a storm of vehement reproach. Herr Bismarck listened to him with a sardonic smile, merely observing: "Can't you see how right I was, after all? Every man for himself!" and, turning his back on his infuriated companion, coolly walked away in search of more game.

## A Dog's Sense of Smell.

Have you ever observed how really wonderful is the dog's sense of smell? Anacharis (says his happy owner) knows me, when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume, and come out, and he knows me, yet he recognizes me by some (to him) undiscovered perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble by scent among a thousand others. Even the very ground on which I have trodden retains for him some faint memory of my presence a few hours afterward. The bloodhound can track a human scent a week old—which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharis at this moment, you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing at every stick, stone and plant, as though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us must have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it. Therefore the smells which make up half a dog's picture of this life must be successive and continuous.—*Exchange.*

"Mamma," said a little chap, as his indulgent parent gave him a second piece of pumpkin pie, "mamma, I guess this is locomotive pie." "Why so?" queried his puzzled parent. "Cause, mamma, it goes so fast!" And in two minutes he passed his plate for a third piece.

A note from her father's counsel, offering to conduct her divorce suit free of charge, was among the presents received by a Philadelphia bride.

It is not only arrogant, but it is profligate, for a man to disregard the world's opinion of himself.—*Cherry.*

## THEN AND NOW.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Dear ancient school boys! Nature taught to them the simplest lessons of the stars and dawn, showed them strange sights; how on a single stem—Admire the marvels of Creative Power!—An apple grew, one sweet, the others sour.

How from the hill-top where our eyes behold In vain the plumed and feathered make Its long columns, in the days of old The live volcano shot its angry blast—Dread since the shadows of its watery days.

How, when the lightning split the mighty rock, The spreading fury of the shaft was spent; How the young sun joined the alien stock, Lost in the shadows of the homeless sparrows went To pass the winter of their discontent.

Scant were the gleamings in those years of death; No Cicerone yet had dashed the foam; Those slumbering, waiting for their second birth, No Lyell read the legend of the stone; Science still pointed to her empty throne.

Dreaming of a life of earth unknown, Herself looked heavenward in the starlight pale; Lapse of time more before the fitted veil; While home-bred Hamlet trimmed his toy-ships' sail.

No mortal feet those loftier heights had gained; When the first century counted its decay; In vain their eyes the longings fathers strain; To see with wondering gaze the stanzas light That beneath their children's feet were laid.

Smile at their first small ventures as we may, The school-boy's copy shapes the scholar's hand; Their grateful memory fills our hearts to-day; Brave, hopeful, wise, this tower of peace they planned; While war-dread plowshare scared the suffering land.

Child of our children's children, yet unborn, When the brief record of this May-day morn Where the brief record of this May-day morn In phase antique and faded letters lie; How vague, how pale our little ghosts will rise!

Yet in our veins the blood runs warm and red; For us the fields were green, the skies were blue; Though from our dust the spirit long has fled, We loved, we loved, we loved, we dreamed like you; Smiled at our loves and thought how much we knew.

Oh, might our spirits for one hour return, When the first century counted its decay; All the strange secrets it shall teach to learn; To see the larger truths its years shall bring; Its wisest words, its wisest words, its wisest words!

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close my eyes now and recall him, big, shapely, indistinct in the semi-darkness, as he sat under the mulberry-tree, singing.

"Wish I was in Tennessee, 'Assting' in my cheer, 'Assting' in my cheer, 'Assting' in my cheer, 'Assting' in my cheer!"

This was his favorite. Who shall doubt that it expressed to him all the poetry, romance, passion, of life? After a time Uncle Brimmer fell ill, and we went for a doctor.

Dr. Trattles Jex was the medical man of our country. He lived in Middleboro, seven miles away, and he came trotting over on a great bay horse, with a pair of saddle-bags hanging like Gilpin's bottles, one on either side. He looked as diminutive as a monkey perched on the tall horse's back, and indeed he was "a wee bit pawky body," as was said of Tommy Moore.

But, bless me! he was as pompous and self-important as though he had found the place to stand on, and could move the world with his little lever. A red handkerchief carefully pinned across his chest showed that he had lungs and a mother. His boots were polished to the last degree. His pick and beardless face betrayed his youth; and his voice—ah! his voice! What a treasure it would have been could he have let it out to masquerade!

Whether it was just changing from that of youth to that of man, or whether, like reading and writing, it "came by nature," I can't tell. One instant it was deep and bass, the next, squeaking and aspirate. No even tenor about that voice!

He held out his hand, with "Good-morning, Mrs. Hucklestone. I hope the baby has not had an attack?" I dropped into the dining room to giggle, but little well-bred Mabel did not even smile.

"Oh no," she cried; "it is Uncle Brimmer."

The doctor offered to see him at once, Mabel got up to lead the way. To this moment I warrant it had not struck her as anything out of the way that she must invite Dr. Jex to climb a ladder and crawl through a window to get at his patient. But as she looked at him, speckless, spotless, gloved, scented, curled, then at the ladder leaning against the wall in a disreputable, rickety sort of way, a scene of incongruity seemed borne in on her soul. To add to her distress and her hilarity, we saw that Uncle Brimmer had hung out of the window some mysterious under-rigger that he wore. Long, red, and ragged, it "haunted in the breeze" as pictured by the American flag on a Fourth of July.

"I am afraid, doctor, it will be a little awkward," faltered Mabel; "Uncle Brimmer is up there;" and she waved her lily hand.

"An' you'll have to climb de ladder," put in Nanky Pal, with a disrespectful chuckle.

I thought the little doctor gasped; but he recovered himself gallantly, and said:

"As a boy I have climbed trees, and I shall climb a ladder as a man;" and he smiled heroically.

We watched him. He was encumbered by the saddle-bags, but he managed very well, and had nearly reached the top, when suddenly Uncle Brimmer's head and shoulders protruded, giving him the look of a small half out of its shell.

"Here's my pulse, doctor," he cried, blandly, extending his bared arm. "Tain't no place for you up there. 'An' tain't no place for you up there. 'An' tain't no place for you up there. 'An' tain't no place for you up there."

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She was jes' waitin' ter see how much you'd give."

Nanky's bare legs scudded quickly across the yard. The bull took no notice of her. He was still stamping and bellowing under that window. Uncle Brimmer and the doctor clung together, and only a kick now and then testified to the little man's agony.

"Suppose Uncle Brimmer should let go?" I suggested in a hollow whisper.

"Oh, hush," cried Mabel. "The doctor's blood would be on our heads."

"Or the bull's horns."

It was not far to the tobacco field, and in an incredibly short time brother John came riding in followed by half a dozen stout negroes. With some delightful play that gave one quite an idea of a Spanish bull fight, his lordship was captured, and our little doctor was assisted to the house.

Gene was the glory of Dr. Trattles Jex. His coat was torn, his knees grimy, his hands scratched, and he looked—yes—as if he had been crying.

"Can you ever forgive us?" said Mabel, piteously. She hovered about him like a little mother. She made him drink two glasses of wine; she mended his coat; she asked him if he would not like to kiss the baby.

And finally a warm smile shone in the countenance of Dr. Jex. For me, I felt my face purpling, and leaving him to Mabel, I fled with brother John to the smoke-house, where we roared.

Uncle Brimmer got well and went in to see the doctor. He returned with a new cravat, a cane, and several smart articles of attire, from which we inferred that in those trying moments when he supported the suspended doctor, that little gentleman had offered many inducements for him to hold fast. When questioned he responded chiefly with a cautious and mysterious smile, only saying:

"Master Dr. Jex is a gentleman; stare in or stare out, he's de gentleman straight."

And brother John, who is somewhat acquainted with slang, said, with a great laugh, "Well, old man, you had a bully chance to judge, so you must be right."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Disturbed Prayer.

The Rev. Mr. Wingtop received a visit from the Widow Peedies and her four children. "I have come to stay a month, Brother Wingtop, and you may consider a compliment, for I never did like Little Rock. You and my husband were such fast friends that I can never forget you. Were you not fast friends, Brother Wingtop?"

"Madame, myself and your husband were firm friends, but we were not fast. A minister and his deacon should not be fast."

Mr. Wingtop had hoped that his remark would have a tendency to shorten the widow's visit into a day, but when she replied that he was a dear, sly, good man, the reverend gentlemen realized that darkness brooded where the bright light of hope had burned.

At night, when the family had been summoned into the sitting room to hear a long prayer from the minister, the widow managed to "squash" three of the children. The other one, a boy, ran into the dining room. "Let him alone," said the minister, "in good time the Lord will catch him; but the same time he thought that if the Lord ever did catch the boy extraordinary time would have to be made."

"Let us pray," said the minister, glancing slyly around to see if the widow had securely huddled her children.

"Our Father," he began, "we thank Thee for Thy—"

"Ma' oh, ma' George is taking off the shoe!"

"Thank Thee for the great privilege of sacred communion. But for the—"

"Ma, make him quit. He's trying to put his sock under my nose."

"I ain't, ma'."

"But for Thy love we would ere this have been out down as members of the ground. We sound us—"

The just here the boy that had escaped to the dining-room entered with a stick of stove-wood and an old boot. Advancing, he struck at one of his brothers with the boot, but unfortunately hit the minister.

"Madam," said the reverend gentleman, rising, "show these young beasts out the door, out of the house, and in fact, out of the yard. Daniel was cast into the lions den, where he enjoyed himself, but if he were poned up with these rhinoceroses he would lose his reputation in ten minutes."

Life in Germany.

With an outlay which seems miserably small to the American, Germans contrive to lead a merry life. Fine music and drama at cheap prices, the love of outdoor life and the multitude of holidays which allow him to gratify it, a passionate fondness for singing, an abundance of beer, cheap wine and cigars, will stone in the German mind, for a great many other deficiencies. As to books, there is no country where they are cheaper or more abundant. Ten thousand new titles are printed every year. In Prussia, compulsory education secures a good average culture. The new empire is far ahead of us, not only in the organization of its army, but in the organization of its civil service and the conditions of tenure of office. Its schools are in many respects superior to ours. We have borrowed its kindergarten and might borrow with advantage some features of its university life. We have adopted its postal-carrier. The money-order system is very convenient, the money being brought to your door. And do we not owe an immense debt to German learning? As to music and art, we must stand with our hats off. With all its sausage, sausage and beer, there is a charm about German home-life that cannot be ignored. There is a sweetness of affection in the family circle, a fidelity to friends, a stability of character and a homely ingenueness which the most obstinate prejudice can hardly resist. It is a frank and innocent life, always open to inspection.

While sunlight is the most favorable for haymaking, it is a well-known fact that wild oats are best sown by moonlight.

## SOUTHERN NEWS.

The paid capital of Charlotte, N. C., banks is \$825,000.

The contract for building jetties at Fernandina, Fla., has been awarded.

In Monroeville, N. C., out of 710 cases of measles, there has been one death.

An attempt is to be made in North Carolina to create the office of Railroad Commissioners.

Eight thousand logs broke loose in the Lower Pearl river and floated out into the Gulf of Mexico.

Subscriptions to start a glass factory at Moss Point, on the Mississippi coast, amount to \$13,500.

One thousand immigrants are expected to arrive shortly in Southeast Missouri and North Arkansas.

Four large rattlesnakes, killed recently in Greene county, Ala., had fifteen, fourteen, twelve and ten rattles.

Last year was the most bountiful known in Texas since the year of June. The cotton alone amounted to 1,299,000 bales.

A person writing to a Mississippi paper thinks that cotton seed is better for fertilizing purposes than cotton seed meal.

A company is to be chartered to develop the granite quarries near Petersburg, Va.

An alleged petrified baby, said to have been unearthed near Eureka Springs, has been sold at Russellville, Ark., for \$4,600.

It is suggested in West Virginia that the State shall appropriate \$10,000 to send an agent to the North of Europe to induce the immigration of families of Swedes and Danes.

The estimates of the expense of the State government of Texas for the year ending February 28, 1882, aggregate \$1,357,913.

St. Stephen's, in Savannah, is the only colored Episcopal church in Georgia. The twenty-fifth anniversary has recently been celebrated.

The loss to the Louisiana sugar interests by the cold and wet weather is now carefully estimated at 25,000 hogheads or about ten per cent. of the expected crop.